

The Forgotten Soldier

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Summary: Jake is a mystery to all; his past unknown. After a disastrous mission that puts him on the edge of being torn apart, he leaves the UNSC, only to become a mercenary-for-hire. Two years of being a paid assassin pass: he's instructed to capture a woman alive. Once he does, Jake realizes that she has a deeper, darker past than his own, which could ultimately cause his own downfall.

1. Chapter 1

WARNING: I DO NOT OWN HALO OR ANY RELATED CONTENT!

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><p>Chapter 1: The Initiation

* * *

><p>He hated her. He was so confused and upset by the turn of events, all because of her.<p>

Opening her eyes, Rebecca looked at Gavin; he stared back at her, on the break of madness.

"What do you want, Rebecca?" The big ODST asked bitterly, clenching his fists tightly.

Rebecca's eyes drifted past his face and into the distance. She never noticed how dark it had gotten.

"Answer me!"

She turned her gaze back into his eyes, and stiffened. "I will not be spoken to that way."

Gavin laughed. "Oh, well my sincerest apologies. I didn't know that any of this didn't mean anything to you."

As he walked away, Rebecca felt something tell her to stop him.

"Wait." Rebecca called out.

Gavin turned and looked at her. Even with the fair amount of distance between the two, to Rebecca, it seemed like they were standing face to face.

"It's just .. well." Rebecca said, as she bit her lip, trembling for emphasis. "I'm just .. tired. Plus personal things have been happening that have been making matters worse. It's just all so .. tiring." What she said, of course, was true. Her personal life was unknown to many, including Gavin.

"That's not what I wanted to hear, Rebecca." Gavin clenched his jaw, as if forcing the words to come out.

Rebecca stared blankly at Gavin, as if he was never even there. She looked past him, and simply shrugged. "I'm sorry, then, but I don't feel the same way about you, as you do about me."

His mouth dropped open a little, stunned by her words. "Is it that obvious?"

"No, I'm just good at guessing what people feel." Rebecca hid a smirk. That much was the truth.

The ODSI looked down at the ground, and turned to walk away. Gavin stopped partially, and looked back at Rebecca.

She knew he racing to find the words to say, but probably couldn't piece anything together.

"I think you should go now," Rebecca whispered quietly.

But he was just more confused. Even so, he accepted her statement, and left.

Rebecca looked after him as he walked to his Warthog, and drove away. She turned back to her little cabin on the edge of the woods. It sat lonely, desolate among the bare trees of autumn.

Walking through the leaves, Rebecca shivered as a breeze swept by her. It rustled the leaves and branches, but she didn't pay attention to the noise. She only paid attention to the wind.

She turned and ignored the sound of the Warthog's engine start, and how the tires scrunched around in the dirt as her former friend drove off.

Rebecca felt her senses heighten slightly as the voice inside her head whispered, *Careful, you're being watched.*

The leaves from the trees fall quiet as a cool autumn breeze swept them off their perch. The dry, grassy hills rolled onward from the little grove to a city off in the distance.

Whoever's out there will reveal themselves soon enough, Rebecca concluded her final thought, and walked towards her little lonely

cabin in the woods.

****xXx****

Jake watched from a distance as his target parted with the man who recently showed up, only to leave soon after. Too easy.

He watched her walk back to the cabin and stand by the door. She lingered there, and double-checked her surroundings.

"Dammit, she knows I'm here," Jake muttered. He withdrew from his scope on his rifle and accessed her file again from his HUD

She has criminal record, consisting of theft and countless assaults. Rebecca Mural was considered extremely dangerous, and a threat. She was in the UNSC military before quitting. Many sections of her military service were blackened out and untraceable.

"What do you think we should do?" Jake asked his AI.

"Well," replied Heron, "I suggest we take a plan of action immediately, before anyone unexpectedly shows up once more. I will display possible routes for entry and capture now."

Jake studied the maps Heron displayed in his helmet's HUD. He chose the one closest and the easiest. "Thanks, Heron. I'll buy you a beer."

"Actually, Jake, I prefer-"

Jake muted Heron as he quietly rose from his position; any distractions could put them both at risk.

Gliding amongst the trees, Jake crept up to the house and crouched beneath a window.

Jake unmuted Heron. "Okay, bud. Can you scan the house for me?"

Heron gave an impression of a human irritable sigh. "Next time, it would be wise to not mute me."

Jake let Heron scan the house, and he quickly spotted his target; she was sitting in a chair, two rooms forward of his current position. He slide upwards, and opened the window.

He jumped in the house, and landed on the floor without making a sound.

"Heron, how are these floors for noise?"

"This cabin was built four years ago with solid oak wood and a concrete base underneath, so little to none noise is expected. I caution you, however, her friend may come back so be quick."

Jake crept forward, keeping a portion of his HUD occupied with thermal scanning the house to keep an eye on his target. She remained motionless, sitting in a chair.

Coming through the last room, Jake took a breath, and quietly checked

his pistol. It was loaded with tranquilizers instead of real bullets, but they can still be lethal.

Jake spun around the corner, and locked his reticle on the target's head. His heartbeat increased slightly, and he felt the suit respond to his spike in temperature.

His target didn't even acknowledge, but kept staring at the floor, her chin resting on her knuckles.

Jake cleared his throat.

"Yes, Spartan, I am aware you are there."

He said nothing, and continued to stare at his target, reticle trained on her head.

The woman turned and looked at him; she had pale green eyes that matched her dark, red hair.

"I'm sorry for the intrusion, ma'am, but you're wanted by-"

"Do you think I'm naïve, Spartan?" The woman asked, irritated. "I know that I'm a wanted criminal. But the fact that a Spartan's here to whisk me away to prison â€| that's, that's just priceless."
."

Jake cocked his head quizzically to one side.

She laughed. "Do you not talk?"

Heron quickly interfered, "Jake, if you don't take action soon, she'll be a liability to the mission."

Jake closed his eyes, and thought of possibilities; shoot her to sedate her than capture her would be the best.

He opened his eyes and watched his target move in slow motion towards him.

She, of course, wasn't in slow motion. She was moving quite fast, but due Jake's enhanced eye sight and reflexes, everything appeared slower when moving faster.

Side-stepping her attack, he pulled her arm and twisting behind her back. Putting pressure on the back of her legs, her knees collapsed and she fell in front of him.

"With all due respect, ma'am, try not to attack me. I'm only here to talk."

"Then you wouldn't need your fancy suit or tranquilizer gun, if you were just gunna talk." The woman mumbled.

Pausing for a moment, Jake thought about what she said. "Yeah, I guess you're right."

Pushing her forward, he withdrew the gun and shot her in the back of her right left shoulder.

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 2: Captured

* * *

><p>Hoisting the woman over his shoulder, Jake heard Heron comment:
"How dramatic."<p>

"Oh yeah? Like you could do any better?"

The AI had no reply and Jake walked out the front door; his ship wasn't far from here, then after three days, he would move to Anuya.

Anuya was the planet's-Venira-capitol city. After trekking to there, Jake would only then handoff his prisoner to the people who really wanted her.

Jake walked through a creek, and onto the shoreline where he gingerly set the woman down.

He checked her vitals: still alive but unconscious. Good.

Turning, he moved about fifteen feet away from her, and brought out a small remote, clicking a button to uncloak a fairly large ship. A ramp extended downwards, crushing leaves and branches underneath.

Lights flickered on and systems came to life as Jake quickly punched in the passcode from the computer located on the inside on the door he just opened. Another door opened mechanically a few metres in.

Heading back to where his target lay unconscious, Jake once again hefted the woman onto his shoulder and walked into his ship, the ramp closing behind him and automatically cloaking itself once more.

The doors closed silently behind him, and he entered the first room.

His ship only had around seven rooms, two of them only used for engine and other ship purposes. Jake shifted his stance as he took Heron's chip out of his helmet, sliding it into the ship's own data-pad. He continued onward, opening doors until he arrived at the cell where most of his prisoners stay. Jake set the woman on the bed in the corner of the room, and checking her for small weapons or anything that could be dangerous to the mission at hand.

Heron flickered to life on the hologram-pad in the cell; he looked like an Ancient Greek Spartan; dressed in shining Hoplite armour, with a silver sword hanging in his left hand and a shield in his other with the picture of the letter " Landon" on it.

The avatar put the sword in his scabbard hanging on his belt, and the shield flashed to on his back. Heron looked at the woman.

Jake followed his gaze while he took off his own helmet, revealing a pale face with blue eyes and short blonde hair.

"Her name is Rebecca," Heron grunted in a human-like way.

"I know."

Jake left the cell, and a shield activated behind him. He walked forward a few paces, and sat down on a chair by his computer, ignoring its creaking strain from him and his armour.

Once it started up, he began accessing her files. "Heron, would you be able to get rid of all the encryptions?"

Heron flashed to the hologram-pad by the computer, and the AI closed his eyes, concentrating. "Unknown, but I can try. They are â€| encrypted well."

"Of course you will," sighed Jake as he turned his attention to the stirring woman. He could see her through the shield that acted as a door, stirring.

She rolled over and felt the wall, then the bed. Opening one eye, she noticed where she was, and groaned.

"Should I log off?" Heron whispered, his avatar's arms crossed.

Before Jake could say anything, the woman spoke up, "Just when I thought my day couldn't get any worse .."

"It did." Jake finished her sentence, watching her intently.

"My sincerest thanks to you, Spartan." The woman said, and sat up, and looked at her surroundings.

Heron's avatar uncomfortably stood on the hologram-pad, shuffling around, causing the prisoner to notice.

"Oh, an AI! You must be important to have one." She laughed gleefully.

"Jake-" Heron began saying but Jake quickly cut him off with a wave of his hand.

The woman's eyebrows arched up with curiosity. "Jake? Ah, I should have known! The name suits you well." She smiled at him.

Jake shifted the position in his chair, feeling slightly awkward with the way she said his name.

"No need to be uncomfortable, Jake. I am only trying to make conversation."

Heron looked surprised when Jake cleared his throat. "Do you know why you're here?" Jake asked, covering his feelings with an expressionless face.

"No," she responded calmly, rubbing an eye with her left hand.

"Well let me tell you how this works, since you're new: someone ordered for you to be captured, so I captured you, you stay here for

a few days, I bring you to the person, then bingo! I get paid and you get off my hands.

"Don't try anything funny-I'd hate to have to hurt you, especially since you're a woman. You will never leave until it's time to give you away, but if you be good, I may let you get a breath of fresh air. Any questions?"

The woman yawned, and stretched her legs. "Call me Rebecca," she said, and laid down on the bed, her back facing Jake.

Her calmness confused Jake, but he saw stranger things.

Jake got up, and opened a cabinet, and pulled out a few blankets. After disabling the shield, he went in, spreading the first blanket out, and set it on Rebecca, following the second one as well.

"What are you doing?" Rebecca snapped up, but was stopped by his quick reflexes, holding her back down.

"Just because I don't have to treat you like a gentleman, doesn't mean I won't." He replied. "But hey, if that's too much for you to bear, seeing your captor treating you nicely, I'll just take these blankets-"

"No!" Rebecca exclaimed, "Its fine." She readjusted the blankets then promptly fell back down into the bed, tucking the blankets around her side before she rested her head on the pillow.

Jake felt Heron watch him as he reactivated the shield, and plucked his helmet off the table before going into another side room, where his bed was.

"I never knew you to be the romantic type," Heron smirked bemusedly as he switched to the hologram pad on Jake's bedside table.

"I never was."

"Then why did you treat her nicely compared to the rest?"

"I treated everyone nicely."

"I can recall four other people whom you hit during their first day here."

Jake laughed. "That's because they were all asses and deserved it! Besides, she's," he gestured towards Rebecca's whereabouts, "the first _female_ I've been ordered to capture."

Heron rolled his eyes, and flickered off when Jake stepped into the machine that began removing his armour; twisting off the major components, and setting the armour aside in storage.

Jake stepped out of the machine as the last piece was removed, and stretched his arms; it felt strange after being in his suit for so long.

The black gel-suit he wore slowly unzipped itself as he removed it carefully, folding it and setting it by the amour removal machine. Jake chose a pair of light clothing to wear from his small collection

of wardrobe.

He rolled his shoulders back, and took a deep breath. "Heron, please activate the defenses."

"Done," the AI replied.

Jake pulled the blankets back on his own bed, and crawled in.

When he was comfortable, Jake stretched his arms, and rested his head on his hands, and looked up. Although there was a ceiling, he imagined what stars would've looked like if he was actually outside, instead of inside.

After a few moments, he turned over, and tucked his chin by his collarbone, sighing softly, before falling into a dream.

****xXx****

_"Move it! Let's go, let's go, let's go!" _

An explosion went off beside him, causing him to trip and fall.

_"What the hell are you doing, Jake? No time for naps!" _

_"Shut up!" Jake pulled himself off the ground, and fired a round into a suicide grunt coming too close for comfort. His partner threw a grenade behind a cluster of Jackals, killing them all. _

The mission was horribly wrong from the beginning, and Jake knew it. Reloading his MA5, he gave sustaining cover fire to his partner, who knelt down in the mud, covering his six.

_An elite roared with delight, but was cut down by Jake's controlled fire. Blood splattered on his visor, causing a lack of vision for a brief moment. _

_His partner took up a defensive stance after another blood-thirsty elite dropped dead by their doing. Jake wiped the blood off his visor, flicking his wrist to remove the droplets hanging by his fingers. _

It was the first of much blood Jake would only begin to see.

3. Chapter 3

Chapter 3: Casting a Shadow

* * *

><p>When Rebecca awoke, she tried to remember where exactly she was.<p>

Her eyes fluttered open and she sat up, taking in her surroundings of a small cell, completed with a bathroom, a bed, and a table.

"Righhht. I'm a damn prisoner â€¦" she wearily muttered to herself.

Sitting upright in a straighter posture, she stretched her sore muscles, and leaned back against the metal grey wall. From where she could see, the clear shield showed a computer that sat on a desk, various machines that sat on the far wall opposite of where she sat, save for a few cabinets spread about, and a door close to the shield, but unreachable.

"With no plan of escape, will the daring Miss Rebecca Maurel make another impeccable escape?" She sighed and fell back on the bed with a thump. "Who knows? Stay tuned until next week's episode, kids!"

"You are quite the character."

She saw the AI flash on the hologram pad in the cell by the bedside table. He remained dressed in the same Greek Spartan attire as she saw yesterday, but today, he held his sword.

"Ahh you!" Rebecca laughed. "What was your name again?"

The AI hesitated, but quickly started flipping the sword with amazing maneuvers.

"It's not like I'll tell anyone â€¦" Rebecca commented.

The AI grabbed the hilt as it spun upwards and turned around, stabbing an imaginary enemy in the chest. "Heron."

"Heron â€¦ sounds Greek."

"It is."

Rebecca sighed, and looked away from Heron's tricks. "So where's Jake?"

"Out." Heron lunged forward and swiped down.

"Out â€¦ of course." Frustrated with the lack of knowledge, she slumped down.

"Are you aware that you are a wanted felon for murder, and treason in the controlled UNSC space?"

Rebecca raised an eyebrow. "Not too many people know that."

"I did not know either, until I broke the encryption codes on pretty much all your files." Heron stopped his sword dancing, and sheathed his sword.

"Well, aren't you a Mr. Smarty-pants." Rebecca rolled her eyes.

"I'll take that as a compliment. If you need anything, just shout." Heron's avatar flashed off, leaving Rebecca feel alone.

_AI's are all the same, _she thought, and cursed the very thought of them.

xXx

"Would you like a carrier for that, sir?"

"Yes."

The cashier pulled out a box, and flipped it open as Jake stood patiently waiting to collect his food. Once she neatly arranged it all, she closed it, and handed it to him with a smile.

"Have a nice day!"

"Thanks, you too."

Jake cradled the box of food under his elbow, and exited the building, the door shutting behind him loudly. Warthogs and various citizen vehicles crowded the busy streets as flashing electronic signs displayed ads and announcements.

Eager to get back to his ship and away from the city, Jake walked speedily to his warthog, parked beside a group of men who were smoking and drinking as they hung around a bar in front.

Jake strode past them, and set the box of food in the passenger seat, climbing into the driver seat.

The nearest man took a drag of his cigarette before moving forward, exhaling the smoke right into Jake's face.

Annoyed, but calm, Jake started the Warthog, and squealed the tires for a bit, scaring the big man back. His buddies laughed at him, while looked angrily at Jake.

Jake smiled politely at the man, who tried to spit at the front tire of the warthog. Putting the big vehicle into reverse, Jake sped out and into the street, almost laughing at the sight of the pathetic men

Driving out of the town, many old dirt roads led him one by one to his destination: a run-down motel.

Seeing a black car parked out front, Jake pulled up beside the car, shutting the engine off.

A man walked out of the door, which slammed shut behind him. His hair was combed back, and his face was scrunched up as he examined Jake.

"I'm here to see-"

"Yeah, yeah, I know you're here to see him. Come in."

Jake walked up the old wooden floorboards and into the hotel, following the man close behind.

Old lights flickered and glowed faintly throughout the place. The room appeared to be a lobby; most of the front desk still intact, with a few major holes in the floor. Seven men sat by a table on the far side of the room, four of them holding assault rifles and

magnums.

Eying them warily, Jake slowly crossed the room, and met the man in the middle.

"Jacob."

"Sir," Jake replied in a like-manner.

"What have I told you before, Jacob? Call me Grant."

"Right, sorry."

Grant motioned the men with the weapons to move away, so they did, their eyes on Jake. Ignoring the stares, Jake began to speak with Grant cut him off.

"Do you have her?"

"Yes. She didn't seem too surprised at her captivity." Jake thought back for a moment at her strange reaction.

The who brought Jake in laughed. "That's Miss Maurel for you."

"You know her?" Jake asked.

"Not exactly."

"Anyways," Grant interfered, "You may have to hold her longer than expected. One of my very personal friends and business associate is arriving in three days."

Jake paused for a moment to think about it. He would have to buy more food to accommodate her, and he had another job started in three days.

"Will that be a problem, Jacob?"

"No sir-Grant. It's just that I have another job starting in three days, right after I was to give the prisoner to you."

Grant stared at Jake, before he smiled. "That'd be perfect."

"Excuse me?"

"Take her with you."

"Grant, I work better off alone."

"It's time for you then to learn how to work with a partner again."

Jake shook his head. "She'd be a risk to the job."

Grant laughed, the sound filling the empty hotel. "She has more than enough experience to handle a job as simple as the ones you get."

The other men around chuckled as Grant's comment, obviously agreeing.

Frustrated, Jake knew he had no choice but to give in. "What if she screws it up?"

"She won't. You should never underestimate people, Jacob."

"Of course, Grant." Jake replied stiffly, annoyed at the fact that he had to do it.

"Good, then we're done here. Pack up, boys." The boss stood up, and the men with the assault rifles came back in. "And Martins? Show Jacob out."

The man with the combed back here nodded, and pushed Jacob towards the door.

Sidestepping one of the holes in the floor, Jake allowed himself to be directed through the door, and onto the porch, where he stopped himself.

The man named Martins pushed Jake again. "Keep movin', buddy."

"You said you knew Rebecca."

"Yeah, so?" With a push, Martins sent Jake off the porch, and into the gravel parking lot.

"So maybe you can explain why the hell I have to take the lady onto the job with me!" Jake angrily spat out. "I need one more job to get off this damn planet!"

Martins gave Jake an amused look. "She'll be more help than you know."

"How?" Jake took a deep breath in, calming himself down, but still felt some of the anger.

"If you ever read her files, then you'll understand. Now get lost." Martins turned and walked back into the hotel, the door slamming shut behind him.

"Well, great."

4. Chapter 4

Chapter 4: Walkin' on Sunshine

* * *

><p>Rebecca quietly tapped her foot whilst laying on her cell bed, thinking. "A nice bagel with some hot coffee sounds great about now," she wondered aloud, hoping Heron would respond.<p>

But he didn't, and so the silence continued.

Sighing, she closed her eyes and imagined herself on a beach, tanning in the sun with a cold glass of lemonade in her hand.

Rebecca shook herself from that day dream, and sighed again, more

loudly.

"Can I help you with something?" Heron grumpily replied, finally talking to her.

"Yes, Im bored."

"It's not my job to ensure you're kept busy with something."

Rebecca was getting annoyed with him, but tried to play it cool. "Oh? Then what is your job?"

"To ensure your captivity until Jake orders me to let you out."

From where Rebecca lay, she heard a door open and shut with a hiss, with thudding footsteps nearing her cell

Rebecca guessed all her money it was Jake.

But the person who entered didn't say anything, and she heard the footsteps fade away to another room.

Some things clanged about, and Rebecca heard a curse word as something was dropped on the floor, then a few other profanities as more things fell.

Soon enough, the swearing ceased and something heavy was dragged across the floor. With a clang, something was being attached.

Rebecca absentmindedly tapped her foot on the bed in a rhythmic beat. The clanging stopped, and she faintly heard something being moved.

"What is he doing?" Rebecca asked Heron, still laying on her bed.

"Working out," Heron replied. Rebecca could faintly hear him talking to Jake in the other room.

Suddenly, something fell down with a bang again and Jake cursed louder, using a word Rebecca was all too familiar with.

He came storming out of his room, and stood staring angrily at Rebecca's cell. She could just see him; he wore faded blue jeans, but with no shirt. His bare, muscular chest glistened with sweat, and he flexed his arms slightly, clenching his fists.

Rebecca knew he was pissed off, but decided to have some fun. "Hey there, sunshine. I see you're royally pissed about something."

He glared at her. "I am pissed off, thank-you."

"So who shit in your cornflakes?"

He looked like he would've busted through the cell door and slit her throat right then and there, but all he did was smirk. "I'd watch yourself. I'll still hurt you if I have to."

"Yeah, yeah. Sure thing Ca'pn." Rebecca got off the bed, and

stretched her back. Still noticing he was watching her, she smiled as broadly as she could.

He rolled his eyes at her gesture, and she laughed. "Well, you're certainly the cold hard Spartan everyone thinks of!"

Jake seemed to darken at her words, but smiled again. "I try."

"Uh-huuh. Sure you do." Rebecca flopped back down on her bed, making sure to not make eye contact with him. "So, how can I help you, sunshine?"

He rolled his eyes again at her use of the nickname. "Don't call me that."

"Why, sunshine? What's the matter?" Rebecca laughed again, pleased with her pestering. "But seriously, what do you want? I have things to do."

Jake stared at her for a moment. "What things?"

"Everything."

"Like you could do everything in the cell you're gonna be stuck in for awhile." He said before looking away. "Speaking of which, you have to stay here longer than the original time."

"Aww, sunshine! We can bond more!"

Jake sighed, obviously annoyed with her childish antics. "Not exactly what will happen."

"Then what, my loyal capturer? What will happen?" Rebecca pushed a pillow off her bed with her foot.

"I don't know," Jake spoke as he stepped up to her cell. The door opened with a click, and he stepped aside, motioning her to come out. "How good are you with a gun?"

"I am amazing with a gun."

"I'll be the judge of that," Jake gripped the back of her arm as she passed by him. "Ah ah ah, not so fast. Put this on your ankle." Jake reached for a table and grabbed a small black square hanging by a strap.

Rebecca stared at it warily. "Why?"

"So you don't get any ideas. Now will you do it or will I have to?" Jake handed it to her after he shut her cell door.

She laughed, and jokingly said: "Well go ahead, my prince charming. Put on my glass slipper."

"What?" He glanced at her, obviously confused.

"You know .. Cinderella ... the fairytale? The best one there was?"

Jake shook his head. "Sorry, I have no-"

"The origin of Cinderella-"

"Not now, Heron!" Jake snapped at him, causing the AI to fall silent.

"Uhm, so, this goes on my ankle?" Rebecca held the small black square an arms-length away from her. "What is it? A tracking device?"

"Not exactly," Jake laughed, offering a crooked-smile as his explanation. "Just put it on."

After strapping it on, Jake guided her forward to another compartment.

"So you were being serious about the whole gun thing, huh?"

The door in front of them slid open, to reveal a rather small armoury.

"Of course I was. I received new instructions to educate you on the way of the gun." Jake led her in, and the door shut behind them. Heron appeared on the hologram pad.

"In those exact words?"

"What words?"

"The 'way of the gun'?"

Jake smiled again, and released his hold on her arm to go wipe the sweat off his chest with a towel. "Not exactly, but it's the same meaning."

Rebecca ignored him as he put on a shirt and studied a gun. She recognized it, but refrained from saying anything. "They all look deadly."

"They are, deadly. They're guns." Jake joined her side, and took the gun she was looking at. "This is a M392 Designated Marksman Rifle-or for short, a DMR. It's a selected-fire rifle, magazine fed machine. There's 3x optical magnification, and can pack a punch at most distances if used properly." He hand the rifle to her. "Hold onto this carefully."

Moving on, he grabbed a gun that was beside the DMR. "My favourite gun. The BR55 has a three-round burst and has amazing accuracy with a 2x magnification. This gun hasn't failed me on the battlefield or let me down yet."

Rebecca was becoming bored. She already knew everything he was telling her. After he went through seven more guns in a similar manner (with the exception of the MAC), she gave up.

"Now lastly, the smallest of the UNSC weapons, the-"

"M6 series. Ranging in variety from M6C to the M6G magnum, the gun is recoil-operated and magazine-fed, with typical 12.7 mm x 40mm projectile ammunition. I know everything you're telling me, so can we

please just move on?" She rubbed her temples out of exasperation.
"You're giving me a headache and you're boring me."

Jake just looked at her and blinked once. "Sorry." He went back and shut all the guns' cases leaving out the DMR. He handed it to her and went over to a cabinet. After unlocking it via hand-print and finger-print scan, he rummaged through until he pulled out a box of ammunition.

"How much are we planning to spend here, sunshine?" Rebecca asked as Jake hefted the box up and set it on the table.

"Not much." He grabbed three magazines. "Let's go."

"Where to?" Rebecca allowed him to grab her arm again and steer her in the direction he wanted to go.

"To outside." As they left the armoury, Jake turned and locked the door. "Heron?"

"Yes, Jake?"

"You know where Im heading. I'll have a radio so we can contact each other if need be. You good here?"

"Yes." Came Heron's deep, gravelly voice. "I'll advise you though, at the remaining time you until the sun rises is not much."

"Is it that late?" Rebecca asked herself out loud. "Well, my internal clock is screwed up."

Jake thought for a moment. "We won't be long. Can you also turn on exterior lights on the spot we'll be going?"

"Done. But the lights may attract attention."

"I know, but like I said-we won't be long." Jake smiled at Rebecca. "Apparently our target here is an expert shot."

Rebecca felt herself frown. "Who the hell said that?"

"The person who paid me to capture you." Before Rebecca could question her further, Jake opened a drawer from what looks like a dresser, and tossed her a jacket. "Take it and put it on. It's gonna be cold out there."

End
file.